The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Learn a Little Every Day.

LITTLE rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean's billows,
Onward, onward as they go.
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play:
So may we with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests;
Drops of rain compose the showers;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten, then, and catch them,
As they pass us on our way;
And in honest, true endeavors,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a precept,
'Gainst the lonely time of age.
At our work or by the wayside.
While the sunshine's making hay,
Thus we may, by help from heaven,
Learn a little every day.

The Bible.

STUDY it carefully,
Think of it prayerfully,
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell;
Slight not its history,
Ponder its mystery.
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith that's unfailing,
And love all-prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

—*The Children's Friend.*

For the Myrtle.

Ann Apples.

ONE day in early autumn, Everett's mamma wished to go down town to do some shopping. So she completed her morning's work as soon as she could and dressed to go down street. As the walk she was going to take would be too long for Everett, she took him into his Aunt Lizzie's to play with his cousin Ernest while she was gone.

The little boys were very glad to see each other and were soon busily engaged in play. "My mamma has got some apples that are good to eat," said Ernest after they had been playing awhile. It was time for early apples to be ripe, but Everett had not had any yet and he thought one would be very nice. So he ran to his Aunt Lizzie.

"Please give me *a* apple?" he said.

"You must not say 'a apple,'" said his Aunt Lizzie. "That is not correct. You must say 'an apple' and then you shall have one."

"Please give me an apple," repeated Everett obediently, and his Aunt Lizzie gave him two apples, one for himself and one for Ernest, and Everett thanking her, ran back to play again with Ernest.

The apples were very nice and juicy, and Everett was very fond of apples, and it took but a few minutes for his sharp teeth to dispose of his. Indeed it was gone before Ernest's was half eaten,

and presently Everett was back to his Aunt Lizzie repeating his request, "Please give me *a* apple, Aunt Lizzie?

"I said '*a* apple' was not correct, you remember," said Aunt Lizzie. "I want you to ask correctly."

"Please give me a-a-a," said Everett trying to remember, "What was it you said, Aunt Lizzie?"

"*An* apple," said Aunt Lizzie.

"Oh yes," said Everett with an air of great satisfaction. Please give me *an* apple?"

"I will give you one," said his Aunt Lizzie, "but I don't think I can give Ernest any more. He had one before you came in here and he is not very well."

Ernest offered no objection and Everett ran back to play eating his second apple. I cannot tell how long it lasted. Certainly not many minutes. It seemed to Aunt Lizzie that he had but just gone when he was back beside her again.

"Aunt Lizzie, please—give—me—*on*—apple," he said measuring out the words with great care and deliberation, evidently resolved to be right this time.

"Dear me! that's not right," said Aunt Lizzie, laughing. "Not '*on* apple' but '*an* apple.' Remember Ann is a little girl's name, Ann—apple, and then you will get it right."

Everett laughed too. "How funny," he said "Ann apple!" But his attention was only for a moment distracted from the subject that was uppermost in his mind. "Please give me *Ann*-apple, Aunt Lizzie," he said.

"I don't know, dear, about giving you any more" said Aunt Lizzie. "I don't think it is a good plan for little boys to eat so many apples. I fear they will make you sick."

"Oh, no! I guess they won't," urged Everett. "They're nice. Please give me just a little one."

They are not very large and perhaps I may venture to give you just one more," said Aunt Lizzie, who found it hard to resist such earnest pleading. "I will give you this one and you mnst not ask me for any more, for I cannot give you another one to-day."

Aunt Lizzie presently overheard Everett talking to Ernest about the apple.

"You know Ernest,

'Little Ann Brickett,
Sat on a cricket.'

Well, this is Ann apple. Aunt Lizzie says so. I think that's very funny. Don't you, Ernest?"

"Yes," answered Ernest, adding irrelevantly "Let's play horses now!"

The third apple shortly met with the same fate as the other two. But whether Everett's appetite were appeased, or whether he bore in mind what Aunt Lizzie had said, he came to her no more with petitions for apples. He and Ernest played together very harmoniously and happily until mamma came back, and called to take her little boy home with her.

That night at the tea-table, Everett's mamma gave an account of her trip down town, what she saw and what she purchased. "I wanted to get down street this morning before it grew warm," she said, helping herself to a cooky as she spoke, "so I made these cookies in a great hurry, and I expect they are miserable things."

The word "miserable" was a new one to little Everett. He liked the sound of it, but he had no idea what it meant. He had a great appreciation for cookies, and just now, seated in his high chair, he was eating his second in a manner that indicated that he thought them very nice.

"Oh mamma," he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling at the thought of the important communication he had to make, "my Aunt Lizzie has got some apples, and don't you think, *they are Ann apples and they are mizzable things.*"

Sarah G. Duley.

Ella.

"Ella, won't you stop in from play with me, and read this story? The words are so hard I cannot say them; and I shall be so lonesome here by myself!"

The speaker, Carrie Martin, was a pale, delicate child, about seven years old. Ella Grafton, a bright-eyed girl, ten years old, turned at the sound of her voice, and said,—

"Oh! I can't stay in, Carrie. The girls want me to play with them. Why don't you come out?"

"Mother says I must not. I should take cold It is to late in the season."

"I don't believe it would hurt you. It is real warm, and the sun is shining."

"I can't disobey mother; but you might read this story for me."

"I will some time, but not now."

"Oh, yes! now, Ella; now. Please, Ella I should like you so much to read!" Carrie clung

to her companion's dress, with her large blue eyes raised to her face, as she pleaded so earnestly.

"I tell you I will not, you hateful little tease! Now, I will *never* read to you!" exclaimed Ella, roughly shaking the child from her.

Ella went out to play, and was perfectly happy, without casting a thought upon little Carrie, who was bitterly crying in the deserted schoolroom. She had waited so anxiously for the holidays! for she said to herself, "I know Ella will read this story for me, and we will have such a nice time!" Carrie was disappointed. But it was not for this that she cried as if her heart would break. It was the harsh tone, the hasty words which Ella had uttered, that sank so heavily upon her sensitive nature. Ella went home from school gay and bright; while Carrie took her troubles home, and weep them away upon her mother's bosom.

Three days passed; when one morning the school-children met Ella with the words, "Oh, Carrie Martin died last night!"

"Carrie died! Oh, you don't mean it!" cried Ella.

"Yes, we do," said the children. "She was taken sick on Monday night, and died last night." Ella said no more, but went into the schoolroom.

After school, she bent her steps in the direction of Carrie's dwelling. A servant admitted her; and, entering the parlor, she found herself in the presence of all that remained of her little playmate. The blue eyes were closed for ever, and the heavy lashes rested motionless upon the marble cheek. One tiny hand clasped the last rose of summer, nipped by the chilling frost: a fitting emblem it was of the human blossom blighted in the bud, and taken to the Saviour's paradise. Ella laid her hand upon hers, and started at its icy coldness. Then, forcing back her scalding tears, she said, "Carrie's little hand never struck me. She was never cross; and the last day I ever saw her I was unkind to her." With this bitter thought, Ella sought her home. She ran into the nursery, and sobbed out, "O mother, Carrie Martin is dead!"

Mrs. Gratton strove to comfort her by talking of the happy home to which the little girl had gone. Ella listened, and then exclaimed, "O mother! it is not that. The last word I ever spoke to her was cross; the last time I saw her, I was so unkind!"

Her mother said, "Now, Ella, you realize what I have so often told you, though your lesson is severe. Learn to speak gently, kindly, to all. From the fountain of love gentle words ever flow. I would that you had that fountain always open! Your life would then be free from such bitter hours as this, and a tear would never be forced from another's eye by harsh words issuing from your lips."

"Mother I will never do so again. I said it when I looked at Carrie to-day."

"Then let the remembrance of her be to you a check. If you should speak harshly, think of Carrie, and learn that 'pleasant words are as honeycomb,—sweet to the soul.'"

Little children, will you not all try to speak gently one to another, remembering that "pleasant words are as honeycomb,—sweet to the soul?"

One Drop of Evil.

I do not see why you will not let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He will not hurt me. I should think you might trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said the mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"O mother! who would thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so!"

"Yes it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water in it and restore its purity."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, or a dozen, or fifty, will not do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I connot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

NOBLE REPLY.—The Duke of Norfolk seeing Sir Thomas Moore, when he was Lord Chancellor, sitting in the choir in his parish church, singing the service, said, "Fie, fie, my lord! the Lord Chancellor of England, a parish priest and a paltry singing man! You dishonor the king!" "No, my lord," replied Sir Thomas, "It is no shame for the king if his servant serve his Sovereign and Saviour, who is the King of kings, and the Lord of lords."

Katie and King.

IF you look upon the picture.
You see Katie in her chair,
Playing with her favorite dog,
And stroking his soft hair.
If King should see a stranger,
His bright eyes quickly glare:
He growls, as if to mutter,
'Touch Katie if you dare!'

Katie's friends have often smiled
To watch a bit of fun.
When Katie gets in trouble,
To her pet she'll often run;
And, should King be the culprit,
He'll by his mistress stand,
As if to own his error,
And gently lick her hand.

And when it is quite bed-time,
And Katie goes to sleep,
King often leaves the fireside,
And then will softly creep,
And lie by Katie's bedroom:
Nor from it will he stir:
And always in the morning
He's first to welcome her.

This tale may teach a lesson,
How sweet affection grows:
A little terrier even
A loving temper shows,
And teaches us that kindness
Is never thrown away,
But that it wins the confidence
By soft and gentle sway.

It whispers very gently
This little proverb true:
'Never use a harsh word
When a softer one will do.'
Be kind to one another,
And you will surely see
Life's pathway will be brighter
Than otherwise 'twould be.'

Well Spring.

——o-O-o——

Putting Off the Shoes.

THE word translated "shoe" in Scripture should have been rendered *sandal*, as the former does not exactly correspond with the Hebrew. In Eastern nations, the feet were at first shod chiefly with mere *soles*, made fast by thongs, or cords, wreathed around the ankle. The next stage was a sandal, covering some portion of the foot; and even now the Orientals have not advanced farther than a kind of slipper, often highly ornamented with brilliant colors and tasteful figures. Among Egyptian ladies the sandal formed a sumptuous part of the dress, and was often embroidered with silk, silver, and gold.

The well-known Eastern practice of putting off the sandal, or shoe, on ground deemed holy, or in a presence deemed sacred, is familiar to us from many a scriptural reference. In Exod. iii. 5, Moses is commanded to put off his sandals in the presence of the burning bush; for it was the symbol of Jehovah's presence. In the same way, Joshua (v. 15) was commanded to "loose his shoe from off his foot; for the place whereon he stood was holy." The practice, it is well known, prevails in the East. In some cases the sandals must be left at the door, even when the wearer is visiting a private individual. That is always the case when entering a mosque, or temple, or when about to appear in an august presence; and it has been said, that, at the entrance to an Indian temple, as many pairs of sandals may sometimes be seen as there are hats suspended in some Westers churches. The same is true of the temples in Japan.

This practice explains some scriptural allusions to which reference may be made. In Mark i. 7, Luke iii. 16, John i. 27, and Acts xiii 25, we read of unloosing the shoe-latchet. That means, loosening the thongs which bound the sandal to the foot; and, as that office was performed by servants or inferiors, to "unloose the latchet" meant to act as a servant.

Again: in Matt. iii. 11, the Baptist speaks of "bearing" sandals, and declares himself unwor-

thy to bear the Saviour's; that is, to be his servant: for servants sometimes stood at the door, and bore the sandals while their masters worshipped.

Connected with shoes, or sandals, one other custom may be mentioned. In transferring property from one party to another, a sandal was given to the new occupant; and that gave right of occupancy, and in the Book of Ruth(iv. 7)we accordingly read, "A man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." Again: in Ps. lx. 8, it is written: "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe;" meaning, I will take possession of it: and so in other cases. As the Bible is in Eastern book, it is full of Eastern manners and customs; yet how thankful we ought to be that it is perfectly adapted to Western people as to Orientals! *Carrier-Dove.*

Alice Cary and the Children.

The *Tribune* in its review of Mary Clemmer Ames' "Memorial to Alice and Phœbe Cary," lately published, thus speaks of Alice's love for children:

"Among the visitors whom Alice loved best were children. She had a row of photographs in her room, of the little girls who had been named for her; and busy as she was, she strove to find time to write to each one of them or to its mamma. The love of children, displayed in her books for little folks, was genuine. No child could call her mother, but she carried in her heart, through all her after life, the memory of her sister Lucy, who was but three years old when she died. Alice remembered and yearned for her, more as a mother bereaved than as a sister. She said to a friend, in the autumn of 1869, lying then upon her sick bed: 'Lucy was golden-haired and blue-eyed, the only one who looked like our mother. I was not fourteen when she died; I'm almost fifty now. It may seem strange when I tell you I don't believe there has been an hour of any day since her death in which I have not thought of her and mourned for her. Strange, isn't it, that the life and death of a child not three years old, could take such a hold on another life? I have never lost the consciousness of the presence of that child.'"

OUR individuality is not destroyed by being with the multitude. Each must do his own work and do it with all his might.

What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet.
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it.
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sung was all about her bonnet.
With the ribbon and the feather and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer.
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached the little bureau, and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

Tom's Gold Dust.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college; and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle,—"certainly: that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get his gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get the gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes; and these are the gold dust of time,—specks and particles of time,—which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust!

"I NEVER drink; I can not afford it; it costs me three days: the first is sinning, the second is suffering, the third in repenting."

"A Year of Worship" For Sunday Schools and Homes.

Parent, teachers and pupils will be glad to see this new book by G. L. Demarest, written and issued by the Universalist Publishing House. It is a work of admirable design and execution, and will lend a guiding hand in many a doubtful strait, for nothing seems to be wanting to make it what has been so long needed in our Sabbath Schools. We hope our schools will as soon as possible test its merits. Specimen copies sent post paid for 45 cents. 4.50 per dozen.

Our Sunday Schools.

—Now that vacation is past, and the very day on which we write, the first of September, is the day when the world's business begins again, we hope to have more to tell of the working of our Sunday Schools. Just now the appointments for Sunday School Conventions are in order. The Convention in

MAINE

Meets in September, but the day is not yet announced. It is to be in Auburn, which sends forth a warm invitation to all Sunday School workers in the entire State. No delegates will be chosen but it will be a mass meeting of all who love the cause. It is hoped that every Sunday School in the state will be represented. The full programme will be given soon.

CONNECTICUT.

—The State Convention of this State receives delegates from the Sunday Schools, one for each School. In this way, the Sunday School is included in the general work, without holding its own separate convention. The annual session is at Meriden, Sept. 3d and 4th.

—On the occasion of the return of the New Haven pastor, Rev. Mrs. Hanaford, from her Summer vacation, her S. School gave her a hearty welcome:—the vestry was trimmed with evergreens and flowers, and a song of welcome, written by Mrs. Lucie F. Johnson, was sung by the school.

NEW YORK.

Has no Sunday School Convention, we believe, but at the State Convention, to be held in Lockport Sept. 2d, 3d, and 4th, a report on Sunday Schools will be given by the Committee for that work. In no state is the Sunday School work entirely overlooked at the annual Convention.

MICHIGAN.

Had its Sunday School Convention at Portland, in connection with the State Convention, Aug. 21st. Delegates were present from seven schools, besides many from other schools in the state who were not especially appointed as such. In the forenoon a talk was had on the subject of the Sunday School teachers duties. In the afternoon an essay was read by Mrs. H. M. Fox, on "The wants of the Universalist Sunday School" and this subject was discussed by many present. The day was most profitable spent and at its close the Convention adjourned to meet next year, with the State Convention, at Lansing.

—The Sunday School connected with our church in Concord gave its first quarterly concert since Rev. C. P. Nash took charge of the parish, on the evening of Aug. 3 It was very satisfactory, and the audience testified their appreciation by a handsome collection.

IOWA.

—Mrs. E R. Wood, of Manchester, the pastor's wife, and Supt. of the Sunday School, whose good use of the uniform lesson series we have heard of before, writes to the *Star* about the *Sunday School Helper*. It is a good advertisement, that comes straight from the heart, and we agree with it so much that we are glad to repeat it here. The following is Mrs. Wood's account of what she finds in the *Helper*:

"A few words I would like to say in favor of our noble publication, the *Sunday School Helper* which has proved to us 'a very present help in every time of need.' We find it a treasury of useful knowledge, suggestive without being exhaustive, and a systematizer of Sunday School work.

We find in it appropriate music which we print on paper muslin—a song occupying two or three yards—and elevate them before the whole school, which lends great inspiration to the singing

We also find in it beautiful exercises for our great occasions, which the genius of our leaders work up to suit our purposes, and have brought out several of them with charming effect, to the delight and surprise of us all.

The blackboard diagram we deem invaluable, and we have hit upon a method of impressing the lesson which goes a step beyond the *Helper's* suggestions, by having the scholars do all the work on the board.

A scholar of class No. 1 goes to the board and draws the diagram, then gives a synopsis of the lesson, filling in the illustrative texts and sentiments. Next Sabbath class No. 2, and so on till all the classes have had their turn at the board, and at the end of the three months we have a thorough review.

The only drawback is, the *Helper* should be in the hands of every scholar from ten years old and upward. In day schools scholars are used to text-books, and early instruction is very much a matter of objective impression."

GEORGIA.

—The Annual church meeting of the Salem church, Cherokee Co., will be held on Saturday, the 6th of September. On the day before, the Sunday School will enjoy a picnic in the afternoon, and give a concert in the evening.

Good Night.

—The following lines were written by "Z. P. V." to be spoken at the close of a Sunday School Anniversary. They will be found appropriate for many Sunday School occasions. We copy from the *Banner*.

Our songs of praise are sung, our greeting said,
Our hour of meeting through its course has run,
Our joyous offrings on this altar laid,
And all our parts in this glad service done!
This happy anniversary will soon be past,
With other days in time's relentless flight;
We wait now but to speak the words that come at last,
Good night, dear friends! good night!

And going hence, with slow, reluctant feet,
We wish, while fondly lingering by the way,
We may be spared, a twelvemonth hence to greet
All these dear friends whom here we meet to-day.
With thanks for all your kindly help along our way,
And asking still your aid to lead us right,
With true lips, from full hearts, our parting words we say
Good night, dear friends! good night!

Long may we prize our Sunday school, and learn
A childlike trust in God—such faith and love
As through the darkness of our lives shall burn,
A lamp to light us to our rest above!
And in the blessedness of heaven's eternal day,
Gathered at last to dwell in endless light;
All partings ended, we no more shall need to say,
Good night, dear friends! good night!

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXVI.—SAUL.

Question. — Was Saul now ready to be obedient?

Answer. — Acts ix. 6.

Q. — What was he told to do?

A. — Acts ix. 6.

Q. —When Saul arose from the earth, what did those who were with him, do with him?

A. — Acts ix. 8.

Q. — What was his bodily condition?

A. — Acts ix. 9.

Q. — How long did he remain in that state?

A. — Acts ix. 9.

Q. — What did Saul do at the house of Judas?

A. — Acts ix. 11.

Q. — What disciple of Christ was sent to him?

A. — Acts ix. 10, 11.

NOTE. Saul was now in the condition of heart and soul to receive the counsel and encouragement of a follower of him, whom he had persecuted.

Q. — Was Ananias willing to obey the call of the Lord?

A. — Acts ix. 13, 14.

Q. — Why was he unwilling to go to Saul?

A. — Acts ix. 13, 14.

Q. — What did the Lord say to Ananias of the future of Saul?

A. — Acts ix. 15.

Q. — Was Saul to suffer in this work for Christ?

A. — Acts ix. 16.

Q. — Did Ananias now obey?

A. — Acts ix. 17.

Q. — What did Ananias do for Saul?

A. — Acts ix. 17, 18.

Q. — What christian ordinance did Saul receive?

A. — Acts ix. 18.

Q. — With whom did he now associate?

A. — Acts ix. 19.

Q. — What did he do in the synagogues?

A. — Acts ix. 20.

Q. — What did he say of Christ in this public manner?

A. — Acts ix. 20.

Q. — What was the effect of his preaching upon those who heard him?

A. — Acts ix. 21.

Q. — What effect did Saul's reasoning have upon the Jews at Damascus?

A. — Acts ix. 22.

Q. — What did the Jews determine to do to Saul?

A. — Acts ix. 23.

Q. — Where did they lie in wait for him?

A. — Acts ix. 24.

Q. — In what way did he escape from the city?

A. — Acts ix. 25.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 29, 27, 13, 10, was a murderer.
My 32, 34, 8, 13, 27, is a part of the Holy Land.
My 19, 35, 17, 6, 24, 2, 10, was the son of David,
My 29, 5, 31, 36, 15, was king.
My 20, 13, 10, 27, is where the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses.
My 32, 27, 12, 17, 18, 1, was a prophet.
My 3, 27, 15, 22, 28, 13, was queen.
My 8, 30, 21, 26. showed great love for her parent.
My 4, 1, 13 was judge over Israel.
My 24, 9, 22, 11, 25, 27, 16, 23, 16, was wife of Hadad.
My 16, 23, 14, 31, 20, 22, 33, 16, 27, was where a queen reigned.
My whole is a scriptural command.

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